Storming the Castle

By Eleanor H. Porter

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"But I'm determined to win you, | Kathleen.

"As if you could against my will!" "It won't be against your willyou'll wish it,"

She raised her eyebrows in unbellet. "I'll make myself so necessary to you that you can't help wishing it," he went on confidently.

"But I don't need you for-any thing," she objected.

"Oh, but you may, you know," he smiled, imperturbably. "I'll be your knight and fight for you as in the olden time."

"I'm no princess shut up in a castle, Charlie," she retorted, all the more scornfully because his words had given her a curious little thrill. "The extent of your warfare thus far has been to procure me an ice or to bring me my fan," she went on, with up tilted chin.

"Not very dragon-like obstacles, I acknowledge," he laughed back at her; "still-there's time yet, so long as the princess remains unwed," he lips together decisively, as Kathleen turned away.

When Kathleen Randal had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small fortune, she immediately announced her intention of traveling.

"All my life," she declared laughingly, "I've been like Helen's Babies and have wanted to 'see the wheels



"As If You Could Against My Will!"

go 'round'-if only they were carwheels and taking me somewhere!" she supplemented. "Now I'm going to go-and go-and go, and see if I can't satisfy this longing that is devouring

It was but two days now before she, and the aunt who had been a mother to her all these years, would start York, she slipped out alone for a short on their journeyings. Trunks and tickets, plans and packing, filled the house with confusion and her soul then, they seemed to her to be but with delirious joy; there was no time crawling over the pavements. An for Charlie Heywood and his lovemaking-love-making that had become trite in its periodic repetition walk, she awoke to a realization that ever since her pinafore days. That she had lost her way. Charlie was young, good to look upon. rich, and altogether approved by her relatives, made it only worse-as if she could grow sentimental over her next-door neighbor, with whom she had made mudples in her babyhood!

At the very outset of her journey, Kathleen seemed doomed to disappointment, for the stagecoach-her only means of transportation from the village to the railroad station five miles away-failed to call at her door. and disappeared far down the road in a cloud of dust.

"Why, Auntie-if they haven't left us!" cried Kathleen, dropping in limp dismay onto the plazza stens.

"Never mind; we'll go to-morrow, soothed Mrs. Howells.

"But the boat-oh, Auntie, we'll lose

the boat!" walled the girl, springing to her feet in sudden realization of what the delay meant. "Not gone yet?" called Heywood

cheerfully, over the fence. "Old Abe's late this morning," he continued with an airy innocence that gave no hint back the loose hair from her eyes. of his knowledge of the shameless be even then in Old Abe's pocket. "I was just going down to the station to see you off."

"Oh, Charlie, he's left us-we've lost the boat!" moaned Kathleen, wringing her hands. "Not much, you haven't!" shouted

Heywood over his shoulder, as he turned with suspicious promptness and ran towards his open stable door. "Here, jump in, both of you," he commanded a minute later, bringing his huge red automobile to a standstill before them.

"Oh, lovely, lovely!" gurgled Kath leen bundling Mrs. Howells into the back seat and leaping in beside her.

"Let's see-your baggage went last night, I believe," said Heywood-as if It had not gone at his own suggestion! It was somewhat later that Heywood said musingly, as he held her

hand in parting: "Hm-m, well, I don't know-an automobile is a pretty good substitute

"Don't be ridiculous," she returned with some dignity; then her eyes Grand Junction, the Great Northern, danced. "I'll take the auto every time, though!" she laughed, as she skipped

up the car steps after her aunt. Heywood gave a few short orders to the man beside the machine, caught [the satchel from his hand, and swung himself onto the last car after the train had started.

Kathleen and her aunt had no troublo during the short journey to New York, nor in establishing themselves comfortably in their staterooms on board the boat; but the first three days at sen were very rough and the ladies scarcely left their berths. On o fourth day a clear blue sky and a amer chair on deck. She had sut the half an hour in listless endur-tive of an uncombortable position, when a low voice said in her car:

"If you'll let me put this cushion at your head, and readjust your foot-

rest, I think you'll be easier.' "Charlle Heywood."

'At your service." "Why, how in the world-" she began delightedly, then her whole figure

stiffened. "This is never going to do at all," she finished with decision. Heywood busied himself with the cushion and the foot-rest and did not seem to hear.

"I am traveling with my aunt," she began again, with some asperity. "Certainly!" he responded cheerful-

ly, picking up her magazine for her. There, now I am sure you will be more comfortable." And he bowed himself off. All through the rest of the voyage

she watched for him every day-first fearfully, then resentfully, When once again on land, Kathleen stood guard over her trunks and trav-

Kathleen did not see him once, though

eling-bags with a frowning face. "Why can't they have checks over finished, bringing his thin, clean-cut here and transfer one's baggage in a good. Christian manner?" she de manded wrathfully of her aunt.

"Suppose I attend to it for you," suggested Heywood at her elbow.

"Oh, then you are on earth!" returned Kathleen, a bit ungraciously, though a relieved look came into her eyes. The look remained until Hey wood had seen then enroute for their hotel then it changed to one very like regret as his form was lost to sight in

"Er-ah-what's Charlie doing over here?" inquired Mrs. Howells, with the hesitation one always showed in asking Kathleen questions regarding

"Business, he says," she replied with a shrug of her shoulders. In London Kathleen saw Heywood just three times-once when she and her aunt lost their bearings on the Strand, again when he obtained for them permission to enter a certain palace which they wanted very much to see, and a third time when in a panic in a London theater made his presence something in the nature of a

godsend. "Charlie Heywood has a remarkable faculty of making his advent delightfully opportune!" observed Mrs. Howells, with a shrewd glance at Kath-

leen's face. "Humph! it strikes me he's a little bit officious," retorted Kathleen, again trying to banish with scornfulness that curious thrill.

Kathleen had friends in Paris, and she danced and flirted and drove and shopped in an endless whirl of gayety. Days passed. Save with the eye of her fancy, Kathleen had not once seen Heywood, though she looked for him at every turn. One afternoon, ignoring the fact that Paris is not New walk. She was strangely restless, and her feet flew faster and faster; even hour passed and she turned to go back, but after another 60-minute

"How stupid of me!" she murmur ed, biting her lips with annovance, She stopped to rest at a table in an open-air restaurant, but when a beringed, bestudded man slipped into the seat at her left, she fled again to

the sidewalk. "You are looking for some one?" voice at her side suggested. A sudden throb of joy tingled to

Kathleen's finger-tips. "Go-go away!" she cried feebly glorying in the absolute certainty that

the man wouldn't obey her. "Right away-now?" he asked. She nodded-but drew nearer to

"I-I'm tired of being rescued, Charlie," she laughed, hysterically. He gave a keen glance at her flush

ed cheeks and hailed a carriage. He helped her in without speaking, gave an order to the driver, and seated himself at her side. "How stupid of me-I never thought

of a carriage," she quavered, brushing She stole a glance at the man's gloomy face, and a rose-pink flushed to her forehead. "Let me see," she went on softly, "an automobile, a cushion, a-a-

"Don't!" he interrupted harshly. "But, really," she continued, a queer little tremor in her voice. "I was only naming them over-the weapons have been so very - effective - that-" Heywood looked up quickly.

"Kathleen, you don't mean that-"The castle has been stormed and the princess is-is-" She raised shy eyes to his face.

"Mine at last!" he breathed, the light of a long-deferred joy in his

How the Village Progressed. "Well, well!" exclaimed the man who had wandered back to the village. "So the Eagle house is still the Eagle house? No change after 20 years. "There hey been a few changes." as serted the oldest inhabitant with some "Since you've been gone the hotel hez been respectively the Grand Union, the Grand Central, the the Great Southern, the Imperial, the Regal, the Empire, the Monarch, the Prince of Wales, the Regent, an' a few other royalties which I disrecollect the Mansion house six times an' the Eagle house seven, the latter happenin' to be its proud patronymic at pres ent writin'. Plunkville, my friend hain't so all-fired behind the times ex you seem to imagine."

He-That handsome girl over there made a fool of me two years ago. She-I felt sure that something happened in your past life that you had never got over.

The less religion in some men the ore theology they can hold

Her Alm.

A man who runs a truck farm in Virginia tells of the sad predicament which a colored man named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Selzing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"-Youth's Companion.

WESTERN MEN IN NEW YORK.

Brains of Mountain and Prairie in Demand in the Financial Center.

Ever since the early days, when D. O. Mills, J. B. Haggin and James R. Keene "emigrated" from California to New York, the metropolis has been drawing largely on the west and south for its supply of "men who do things." Theodore P. Shonts, both a southerner and westerner, who has undertaken to solve New York's great transit problem, is the latest importation in re-

sponse to the call of the east. The promptness with which Thos. F. of Virginia, turned the Equitable Life Assurance Society over to its policyholders, who now elect a majority of its Board of Directors, and divested himself of the control of the stock which he bought from Jas. H. Hyde, and the success of the new management of the Society under the direction of President Paul Morton, have created a demand for the strong men of the south and west that is greater than ever before. Under the Morton management the Equitable has made a better showing than any other insurance company in the way of improved methods, economies and in-creased returns to policyholders.

E. H. Gary, head of the greatest corporation in the world-the U. S. Steel Co .- John W. Gates, Henry C. Frick, Norman B. Ream, Wm. H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid are other westerners among the biggest men in New York

SOMEWHAT OF A REFLECTION. Naive Comment of Debutante That

Amused Hostess.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them. has the added beauty of premature white hair. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess her-

self tells with enjoyment. The lady is a connoisseur of an tiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of novelty, was handed a cup of tea; the cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess desiring to light en the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasant diverting remark, said: "That little cup is a hundred and fifty years old!"

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones: "How careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

Money in Raising Celery.

Celery will be one of the principal crops produced in the neighborho of Canon City, Col., this season. This is due to the fact that the late frosts seriously injured the fruit crop, and the growers have now begun to plan celery. Celery has been raised successfully by a few growers, and has been found to be one of the best paying crops. One grower realized \$1,575 from one and a half acres last year, another \$600 on less than an acre. The cost of an acre of planting and care is about \$250. The demand for the crop has always been greater than

the supply. Judges at Their Best.

In the course of a recent case be fore Mr. Justice Darling the judge declined to make a requested ruling, saying that if he did so the court of appeals would say he was wrong. Counsel having expressed disagreement with this view, the judge said: "Well, you know the court of appeals as well as I do, perhaps better, for you see them at work while I only meet them at luncheon." To which the barrister dryly replied: "Your lordship sees them at their best."-Law Notes.

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the varfous food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

· One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have.

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally con cluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought

it right along. "A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum.

"'I know just what is the matter," she said, 'you put the coffee boller or the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered. and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health. Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since have gotten rid of my old time stom

Postum is no sort of medicine, but oure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the Read "The Road to Wellville," in

ich and kidney troubles."

WHAT IS A REPUBLICAN?

Many Ideas Seem to Be Represented in the G. O. P.

Some of our Republican contemporaries are trying to answer the question: "What is a Republican?" but they hardly seem to grasp the situation and we will do our best to lighten their darkness. Many modern Republican politicians are first of all opportunists, ready to seize upon any issue that offers to catch the popular breeze. For instance, Senator Knox declares for a strict construction of the constitution, while Mr. Roosevelt is for stretching the constitution to the breaking point. Both of these gentlemen are after votes and expect to combine their two schools of thought on election day. Republicans all believe in tariff protection for the trusts, but in some states where the tariff reform sentiment is raising hades, they propose revision and reciprocity, in other states they stand pat and fry fat out of the trusts, and on election day both factions stand ready to vote together and spend the proceeds of the fat frying.

All Republicans are for the old flag and an appropriation-if it comes their way. If the appropriation is not for them to spend, they are for economy in expenditures and kick like steers until they are let into the log rolling bee with a fair division of the spoils. Otherwise life is a dreary waste and the old flag may be in ribbons instead of stripes, and the star which symbolzes their state is to them a mockery. it all depends upon whose ox is gored and who is the dispenser of patronage and how many of their camp followers can get a place at the political pie counter, before the ordinary Republican politician can decide whether a proposed measure is for the best interests of the people.

Republican congressmen were all friends of the railroads until the free passes were cut off, and they still hanker after the flesh pots of the corporations. To make up for the loss of free transportation they increased their salaries 50 per cent. and still draw 40 cents a mile for mileage, and voted the president \$25,000 a year to hire special trains for himself, his family and friends. Thus the railroads gain and the taxpayers are the poorer.

As the American merchant marine has been ruined by the Republican plan of tariff protection for the trusts the Republican politicians, from President Roosevelt to the negro spittoon cleaner at the capitol, favor shipsubsidy. Most of them don't understand the real issue involved, but as the ship trust lobbyists showed a liberal disposition to assist in their enlightenment and were free spenders, the patriots who run the country found there must be something good in it. Their love for the old flag and an appropriation made them as easy prey for the subsidy lobbyists, who were certain the stars and stripes would be seen on every sea if the bill passed. Hurrah! for Old Glory, was

their cry. But what is the good of enlarging upon the fads and follies of the G. O. P. or telling of the prosperity of the trusts and the army of tramps that their policies have encouraged and protected? There are a few old fogyish Republicans who believe what Lincoln taught, but they have no part or lot in the strenuousness of modern

Senator Allison declares the tariff will have to be revised by its friends, if the people desire revision, thus keeping strictly within the declaration of the Republican party. He then says this revision, "probably may take the form of a maximum and minimum system." And then he declares that, "minimum duty rates should be a reasonable protective tariff, affording full protection to American workmen and American manufac turers without imposing any hardships on the consumer."

How Senator Allison expects to arrange a tariff the minimum rates of which will afford "full protection to American manufacturers without imposing any hardships on the consumers" will be an interesting problem. The two interests-the trusts and the people-are divided by a great gulf which the Allison plan cannot bridge. On the one side are the manufacturers who are mostly combined into trusts and are protected in charging unreasonable profits. On the other hand are the consumers who are feeling the burden of trust high prices, which with many, whose incomes have not advanced with the enormous increase in the cost of liv

ing, enforces pinching economy. This practice of Senator Allison is a fair sample of the Republican plan of postponing the reform of the tariff so that the trusts may continue to flourish at the expense of the consumers and the Republican politicians continue to fry the fat out of them to be used as campaign funds to keep themselves in power. A fine program, surely.

At the Gridiron club dinner in 1905, Mr. Bryan said: I "find it very difficult to be a partisan now, even when I want to be; for if I make a straightout Democratic speech, the first thing know the president makes one of the same kind, and then the subject immediately becomes non-partisan." John Temple Graves, and his followers, who propose to turn Georgia

to the Republicans in order to

elect Roosevelt for a third term, seem

to have taken their cue from Mr.

Bryan's own speeches. One by one our Republican leaders are slowly coming to realize that the people are in earnest in their determination that the tariff shall be re vised to stop the robbery of Amercaps by predatory trusts.

The Clumsy Eye. The human eye is said to be rather ill-contrived piece of mechan-ism. A celebrated German physicist is reported to have remarked that if an artisan were to make for him a piece of apparatus so poorly adapted to its purpose he would not accept it.



FEUDS IN FAMILIES

SOURCES OF EMBARRASSMENT TO GUESTS.

Temptation to Sympathize with Apparent Victim Is Something to Avoid-Where Diplomacy Is Called For.

Few things are more embarrassing than to find one's self a guest in a dis-

united household. One must be gifted with wonderful act and prudence to be able to avoid taking sides and making remarks which embroil one with all parties, for no matter how much they fight among themselves they are certain to make a common cause against an outsider.

After one has been cut a few times they learn not to put their fingers in between the blades of the scissors. Yet, how persistent is the tempta tion to sympathize with an apparent victim and mingle our own indignation with the outbursts of which we

are made the confidant. It may be the wife who is at odds by the conduct of a son-in-law, or the for making a very pretty wall-pocket, younger sister in a jealous rage

against her seniors. Almost surely it is one of the women of the family who pours out an account of her sufferings in the guest's

ears. Men are not above making a breakfast table scene by a casual utterance of slurring observation upon women in general, which particular women are bound to take up and respond to with all the enthusiasm of self-defense. But these caustic remarks are usually thrown off carelessly and without the betrayal of wounded feelings, which characterizes irony of women.

It is scarcely possible to be an inmate of a woman's family where she is at variance with her husband, and remain strictly neutral and impassive without convincing her that you are heartless and absolutely unsympathetic.

One finds it safest to express adeyes out for abusing.

After all, diplomacy is the course parties.

A NOVEL FAN BAG.

Provides Against Loss of This Very Useful Article.

room after a dance tells its own tale, finish and luster make it extremely



and surely-points a moral for those who are anxious not to buy a new fan after every party. Some such little fan bag as the one which we illustrate might save many a fan from an untimely end. It would be useful, too. for taking to the theater, or when ing finish.

Dress Decorations.

Imagine a delicate pink ground shading to a pink just a shade deeper behind the graceful sprays of apple blossoms which are scattered over the surface, their pink petals melting into the pink background and their faintly green leaves giving just the needed touch of relieving color in the har mony of pink and white. A blue and white spider cloth has a wide stripe of shaded blue, light even in its deepest tone, alternating with a wide stripe of white, and over all are thrown clus ters of little white daisies. It is in the exquisite drawing of the floral designs and in the way in which they appear to melt into the background of standing out clear-cut and distinct hat half the effectiveness of these new silk and cotton materials lies.

A genuine muslin washes like the proverbial rag, but, of course, the fine lawn on the painted gauze the careless eye may at a glance take for mere muslin is another story, and must go to the cleaners. Embroidered muslin worked in thread alone and frills can be satisfactorily "got up" by a competent laundress.

traveling by train, in evening dress, from the suburbs

The shape of the bag is so simple that the sketch does not require much in the way of explanation. The bag might be made in brocade, with a satin lining, edged with silk cord in some shade to harmonize, and finished with a long loop of satin ribbon which can easily be twisted round the wrist, or suspended from the waist. A little sachet powder scattered between the brocade and the lining would be an improvement to a bag of this description, and would be just enough to give a delicate per-

HEART-SHAPED SHOE POCKET. Useful Where Absence of Room Is to

Be Considered. The difficult problem of how best to keep one's shoes fresh and free from dust when not actually in use is one which is not very easily solved, especially in the case of a small bed room. where anything in the shape of an ordinary boot cupboard would take up too much room. In the accompanying sketch a practical suggestion is given



specially intended to hold a pair of shoes. The idea, of course, might be miration and wonder at the patience enlarged upon, and receptacles proand long suffering of the woman who vided for two, or even three, pairs, it thus craves your sympathy, mingled preferred. The pocket should be made with dextrous little compliments for in strong cardboard, covered either good qualities in the offending man with serge or with any odd piece of whom she would be ready to tear your silk or brocade, bound at the edge with strong silk cord and bordered with a box-pleated frill of ribbon in most nearly approaching jestice, for some harmonizing color. A wide loop, in family feuds there is invariably with a bow of ribbon to match, should something to be said in favor of all be attached at the top to hang the pocket up agains the wall.

Summer Day Wear. A pale mauve cloth in light weights is popular for gowns to be worn on cool summer days, while an exquisite shade of coral pink and one in blue well adapted to the long, graceful lines that are a feature of this year's styles. The plain skirts that are so becoming show off to the best possible advantage any fine material, and the colors take a light and shade that are most artistic in the soft folds. These afternoon gowns for the summer season are in truth a delight to anyone who loves clothes for clothes' sake. They are not the essentials of the wardrobe, but the luxuries that enable a woman to attain her highest ambition of being always 'correctly gowned.

Effective Color Scheme. Pale moutarde yellow and mauve make a charming color scheme if the right tones are used, and the same is true of yellow and willow green and yellow and nattier blue. A model observed along the Place Vendome, says a Paris correspondent, is gracefully carried out in pale yellow mousseline bordered by wide black stripes and a crossed fichu of white mousseline is folded inside of the draped bodice. A knot of soft mauve satin is at the bust line, and the girdle is of the striped mousseline plaited lengthwise so that

only the black stripes show. The sleeve is in one with the bodice the armhole reaching to the girdle top and finished in bands of embroid ery and lace. The undersleeves are of chiffon to match the fichu.

To Edge Collars. To edge her collars the Parisienne is using a tiny little ruche made of linen or very soft fine tulle. It is

easily changed and makes a becom-

Many Blouse Designs. As long as coat suits are worn the blouse will be fashionable in

form or another. This season there are two distinct styles-the tailored and the more elaborate. Both are decidedly fem ining, however, even the tailored walst having its severity relieved by plaited ruffles down the front. There is not so much novelty in the tailored blouses, and yet a shirt waist more than any other article of apparel looks hopelessly passe when left over from last season. Little changes in the sleeves in the shoulders, in the yoke, insignificant though they seem, assume great proportions when compared with new models.

The long shoulder will be the most oticeable change this season on bodices of all kinds.

In lingerie blouses the designs are examisite; no less extravagant, adjective expresses so well the elaborate hand work and the dainty com binations of lace and sheer fabrics. No less fine are they than the enwill wash as well as the plain fabric; tire lingerie frock, into one of which indeed, the blouse may be converted by making a skirt to correspond.

COULD HARDLY TOTTER ABOUT.

A Vivid Description of the Most In-

sidious of Diseases. Miss Emma Shirley, Killbuck, N. Y., writes: "Kidney disease mysteriously fastened itself upon me two years and brought awful

headaches and dizzy spells. I was all unstrung, weak and nervous, could scarcely totter about. Pains in the side and back completely unnerved My food dis-

tressed me, I looked badly and the kidneys were noticeably deranged. I ank lower and lower until given un and at this critical time began with Doan's Kidney Pills. Details are unsecessary. Twelve boxes cured me and I weigh six pounds more than ever before. They saved my life." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

Fertile Brain Has Evolved a New Style of Cradle.

A new cradle has been inventedand by a man. Which latter statement is a dedundancy-for no up-todate woman would really ever think of inventing anything so pernicious to her infant's welfare. Has she not become enlightened to the dreadful Ills of that time-honored institution of our ancestors? Dare she imperil the intellect that is to sway the twentieth century by untimely "juggling" in its embryo stage? Poor modern babe! When colle's gripes assail, it may not know the luxury of a steady tramp swung across father's shoulder-strange to say, men do not jeer at this dictum of the new motherhood-much less will it experience the bliss of being lulled to rest in a wooden-slatted cradle or fluffy bassinet, swayed by the foot of a wondrous being who swings and croons, swings and croons, till baby woes are merged in blessed sleep. Its maker claims that sideways rocking is, indeed, injurious to babykins, but to his eyes, not his brain. Therefore has he constructed a cradle that swings

lengthwise, and is shaped like a boat! THE STORY OF A WISCONSIN MAN IN WESTERN CANADA.

Three Years Ago Worth Only \$2,000; To-Day is Worth \$13,000.

The following is a copy of a letter, of which the Agents of the Canadian Government throughout the United States receive similar ones many

times during the year: Cayley, Alta., Dec. 7, 1906. Agent Canadian Government, Watertown, S. D.

Dear Sir: Your letter dated Nov. 27th at hand and was very glad to hear from you. I see that you are still at work persuading people to move into the Canadian Northwest. I must tell you that I owe you many thanks for persuading me to come out here, am only sorry that I wasn't persuaded sooner, and there is still plenty of good chances for many more right at the present time. I hope that you will be able to

induce more to make a start out to this part of the country. Now I must tell you what I have accomplished since I came out here The number of lost and strayed fans are most effective. Olga cloth has and it won't be three years till the 1st which are generally found in the ball- come into notice again, for its satin of July. I shall shortly receive my patent for my homestead, the home stead cost me \$10.00 in all, to-day it is worth \$30.00 per acre, but it is not for sale. Then a year ago last May I bought 320 acres at \$7.00 per acre and sold this fall for \$20.00 per acre and cleared a profit of \$4,160,00. How is that for the Northwest? I now have 320 acres of land and all paid for, 15 head of horses, 30 head of cattle, 22 pigs, 2 sheep and about 150 chickens and other poultry, and all new machinery and everything is paid for, We also bought 8 lots in Calgary and 7 in High River. We gave \$470 for the 15 lots and they are paid for. At present I consider myself worth \$13,-100.00, and when I left Wisconsin less han three years ago I had about 12,000.00. This year I threshed a little over 4,000 bushels of grain, have about one thousand bushels of fine potatoes and about five hundred bushals of turnips. Mrs. Beisiegel sold about \$200 worth of garden truck and oultry this fall. Now there are lots of others in this community who did

as well as I did in the same length of The family and myself are all well at this writing and hope this letter

will find you the same. Yours very truly, (Signed) PHILIP BEISIEGEL, Cayley, Alta., Canada.

Did Not Prevent Raveling. The raveling of state highways in Massachusetts during dry weather has generally been prevented in the past by spreading a thin coat of sand over the surface. During last year, however, there were two quite protracted dry spells which disturbed the bond of the road and caused loose stones to stand up on the surface. Although sand was spread thinly as before, it did not prevent the raveling in all in-

stances .- Engineer. New Use for Old Ropes.

me time ago a woolen manufacurer in the north of England succeeded in making a fabric from old ropes. He obtained a quantity of old rope and cordage, unraveled them and wove them by a secret process into a kind of rough cloth.

